-:- Josephine Nye -:-

A Woman Who Is Funny

By Special Arrangement She Writes Exclusively for The Evening World

The Educational Uprising.

JOSEPHINE NYE.

NOW comes the time when everything in the shape of an educational institution that can be made to hold together, and prop up a sign, will soon be running full blast.

It's a wonder to me that Hamlet doesn't drop down here, and start another Dramatic School, just to show "to what base uses we may return."

S'death!

I can see him, now, before his class, working off the old "trippingly" stunt, and then getting Horatio to give him a hypodermic—atween times—to keep "Antic Disposition" from losing a contract.

Ophelia could, of course, run the typewriter and answer the telephone, but Ham's mother would have to put up the money for the start off.

No more charming picture can be imagined than that of Ophelia, with a nice, fresh wreath in her hair, every day, making carbon copies of the lessons for aspiring pupils or coming to the rescue and giving the lessons in

Ophelia at the Typewriter.

Delsarte, in case the regular teacher should fail to show up.

As dean, Polonius would surely take the blue ribbon, and he could pull off a baccalaureate address with the best of 'em.

However, as a preceptor for young and toothsome New Yorkers, one feels a little shy in recommending a man like Hamlet, who so deliberately, so brazenly, encouraged inebriety. Think of his saying to Horatio, "We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart." Consider how he took advantage of Horatio's overwrought condition when he had just been exposed to the night air and

They Cut Their Teeth on It.

to malaria, and perhaps, even then, was worried about his gas bill.

The proffer of a hot water bottle and some pain-killer would have been much more the part of a true friend.

What do you suppose a man like Muldoon would have done with Hamlet? I reckon that if there was a red corpuscle in his princely insides Muldoon would have found it and worked it overtime.

But woe's me!

What COULD we ever have done without the Soliloquy?

Think of the real actors who cut their teeth on it. Think of the would-be STARS who have walked the floor, with their heads tied up in a wet towel, bound and determined, live or die, to be letter perfect in the "pangs," and the "insolence," and the "whips and scorns," and the "despised love," and "things that way," as the old woman down in Martell used to say.

Think of those who have been willing to squeeze along on borrowed money—even if mother borrowed it on the furniture—and those who were willing to SLAVE, SLAVE, SLAVE for the sake of their ART, and then have graduated into real nice capable shoe salesmen and ad. solicitors.

We MUST learn to be more grateful. Honest—we MUST.

Family Pride ∴ ∴ ∴ By T. S. Allen

The "Touch" Toploftical

NO. 9 OF THE SERIES.

By Clarence L. Cullen

CLARENCE L CULLEN

A FLICKERING nimbus as of long-gone "better days" still enfolds this one. His is a sublimated case of the shabby genteel. Like most shabby genteels, he harps upon the distant time when the world swam in rose for him. He would have you believe him to be a thoroughbred, but he is none; for your true-blue reduced thoroughbred walks his shrunken world with never an adversion, complaining or other, to the dimming time when he "had it." The Toploftical Toucher knows that

A Case of Shabby Genteel.

you remember the period when he was cutting his ostentatious swath with inherited money; and this, to his warped view, is more than a sufficient reason why you should aid him in his self-wrought but querulous indigence—even though you never were a beneficiary of his former opulence to the extent of a cigar. Always, when he meets you, he has a bone to pick with Fate, and he makes you the intermediary of his repinings. The duologue usually runs about as follows:

He—'D'evening. How do? Hurrying along? Always busy, aren't you? Eheu! Wish I had something to do—something fitting, you know.

You—

He—But see here, now, old man, you wouldn't have me go to work moving pianos or motoring a street car or handling a cotton hook on the docks, would you? After what I've had?

You—

He—Oh, yes, I know that stuff about the dignity of work and all that copy-book rot. But you can't understand what it means to 've had everything, you know—all kinds of money in both hands, and never a dream of any other state of things—and then, pouf! to have the wind blow it all away like those wind-blown things Villon wrote about. 'Member what Villon wrote?

You—

He—Well, that's a hot barb, I must say—"Forget Villon and get down to cases." Oh, well, I can't expect people, I suppose, to understand my case. Perhaps it's unreasonable to hope for such consideration. That's the trouble about the social system in this country. When a man suffers a big come-down, why, nobody remembers or wants to remember his up state, and the world runs over him as if he were mud. Deuced humiliating state of things for a sensitive man to put up with, I can tell you that, old man.

You—

He—Oh, I know all that airy talk about being game and bucking up and putting on a square jaw against the javelins of adversity and all that. But that stuff doesn't apply to people brought up the way I was, with every right to expect that there'd never be an end to the money and the luxury and all that. It's easy enough for fellows that never had anything to accept the harpoons of mischance and impecuniosity as they whiz along, but it's a different matter, I'm telling you, when a chap that was brought up with everything fine in life gets the uppercut from the mailed fist of Destiny.

You—

He—Who's using fine, sentimental phrases? Me? Now, I call that unkind of you, old fellow; I surely do. I am only endeavoring to portray what I have been and still am up against. Heigh-ho! It's my own fault, though, for expecting anybody to understand just how I am fixed.

You—

He—Of course I am merely drifting along with the tide. What else can I do? I can't become a White Wings. I can't keep books. I can't paint, sculpt, act, or anything like that. My folks never gave me a profession because there never seemed the remotest likelihood that I'd ever need one. Of course I'm only drifting. And it's deucedly uncomfortable drifting, too, I can assure you of that.

You—

He—Oh, well, what's the use of talking about it? I don't see any way out myself. I am glad I met you, though, for I am going to ask you to do something for me. You fully apprehend, I know, how mortifying it is for me to ask anything of anybody. But you were on my list of acquaintances in the days when the very thought of my ever being compelled to seek a monetary favor would have been ludicrous, and therefore I feel that you will understand. I have an aged aunt up the State who is now in a very low state of health, and, in case anything happens to her, I feel fairly confident that I shall come in for quite a little legacy. Until then—well, old man, you must know what confidence I repose in you when I acknowledge such a thing, but, positively, I am in most acute difficulties for the mere means of living, and— &c., &c., &c.

Perhaps You Respond.

Whereupon, of course, it is up to you. Perhaps you respond, and then, again, perhaps otherwise. It all depends upon the condition of your liver and upon whether you are able to take a tolerant view of the repinings of a critter who insists upon dodging the old battle and remaining a mollusc.

Fooling With Idioms.

A FOREIGNER, meeting an American friend, said to him: "How are you?". The latter replied: "Out of sight."

The man considered this very clever, and decided to use the expression on the next occasion. Shortly after he was met by a friend, who asked: "How are you?" With visible pride he answered: "You don't see me."

A WIDOW WORDALOGUE.

Masculine Taste -:- in Feminine Frills

By Helen Rowland.

HELEN ROWLAND.

"COME with me," said the Widow mysteriously, leading the Bachelor toward the waiting hansom, "and I'll show you the greatest invention of the age."

"What is it?" demanded the Bachelor, halting suspiciously.

"The latest triumph of whalebone and steel," responded the Widow, waving her violet parasol dramatically as she gently pushed him toward the hansom. "The newest things in figures and fashions. I'm going to the Dressmakers' Convention!"

"But I don't want to be shocked," complained the Bachelor, squirming in his side of the hansom. "And I'm not interested in inquisitions, nor instruments of torture, nor human suffering, no monomania, nor"—

"In what, Mr. Travers?"

"In the ridiculous fashions of women," explained the Bachelor bluntly.

"It's the ridiculous taste of men that inspires them," retorted the Widow tartly.

"Nonsense!" protested the Bachelor. "No man admires a human work of art, nor a forest of false hair, nor a figure that works on springs, nor"—

"Of course you don't," put in the Widow sympathetically, "on principle. Theoretically you don't approve of rouge, nor dyed hair, nor peek-a-boo waists, nor sheath gowns, nor—nor Salome; but when it comes to practice it's always the girl with the pink chin and the butter-colored hair and the openwork stockings and the handmade figure that you turn around in the street to stare after."

"I don't!" declared the Bachelor.

"And the woman who rustles like a windstorm and leaves a path of patchouli behind her to whom you are pining for an introduction."

"It's false!" cried the Bachelor indignantly.

"Of course it's false," acquiesced the Widow, quite unruffled, "but it's feminine. Ruffles and curls and lace and perfumes are the insignia of femininity and it's a woman's femininity, not her strength of mind and breadth of character, that attracts a man. Theoretically you admire flat heels and physical culture and sweet simplicity and beauties of the soul and dote on a girl with high ideals and principles, but that isn't the kind a woman hesitates to introduce her husband to; it's the kind with high heels and a straight front figure and Paquin gowns."

"And yet," sighed the Bachelor, "I don't know a $40 hat from a $4 one, nor chiffon from calico print."

"No man does," agreed the Widow soothingly. "No man knows what a woman has on any more than he knows what an artist has put into a painting, but he can tell a well-dressed woman from a frump as quickly as he can tell a real picture from a daub. Do you fancy women powder their noses and peroxide their hair merely for the pleasure of dabbling in chemicals? Do you imagine they wear tight corsets and French heels merely because they are pining for indigestion and a pain in the side? Do you suppose"—

"I hadn't supposed anything about it," broke in the Bachelor desperately. "But if you make early Christian martyrs of yourselves in order to fascinate us, you are wasting your time. A man doesn't respect nor admire a woman that is gotten up like the third act of a comic opera chorus."

"Who wants to be respected and admired—and left at home?" demanded the Widow scornfully. "Who wants to be a modest violet, when all the men are around the corner chasing chrysanthemums and orchids? If women are frivolous and artificial and useless, it's men who have made them so. No woman is going to spend her days in the pursuit of virtue and economy and the cook book while you are spending yours in the pursuit of some foolish little thing who doesn't know a broom from an egg beater and wouldn't know what to do with a scruple if she had one, but who knows how to wear her hats and"—

"Oh, well," broke in the Bachelor desperately, "if we men are that kind, why do you care"—

"You're the only kind there is," sighed the Widow. "And—and here we are!"

"Where are they?" demanded the Bachelor, glancing eagerly round, as the Widow led him into a room full of wire mannikins draped in imported gowns.

"Where are what, Mr. Travers."

"The—the inventions?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"The triumphs in whalebone and steel."

The Widow wrinkled her brows questioningly.

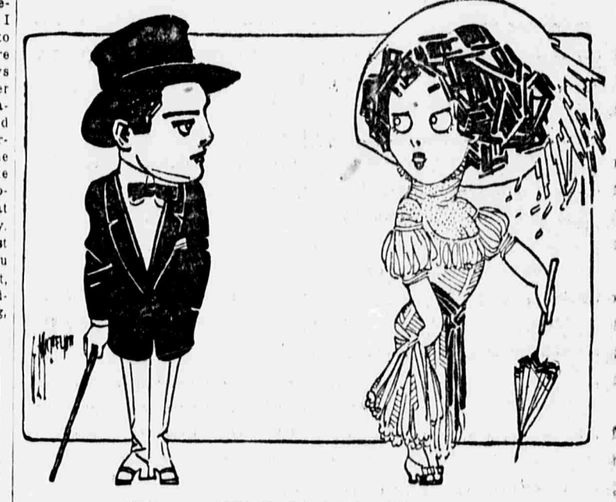
"The models," explained the Bachelor. "The live ones."

"Billy Travers!" exclaimed the Widow. "Did you think I would bring you here when there was a demonstration going on? Did you think you were going to see live models?"

"I knew I was going to be shocked," grumbled the Bachelor bitterly, "but I didn't know it would be such a shock"—

"A shock?" inquired the Widow.

"Of disappointment," sighed the Bachelor, as he disentangled himself from the folds of a mauve gown on a wire mannikin and tripped over a white lace train in his endeavor to escape.



"Bill 'aves!" Exclaimed the Widow.

The Theatre Goers.

IN New York the theatres have a seating capacity of 123,795. Then comes London with 120,950, and Paris takes third place with 83,331.

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

An Afternoon Wedding.

Dear Betty:

I AM going to be best man at a wedding which is to be held at 5.30 P. M. on a Sunday. I would like to know what it is proper to wear.

E. A. D.

The proper dress for a wedding which takes place any time before 6 P. M. is a frock coat, gray ascot tie, high stand-up collar, white waistcoat, gray trousers, patent leather shoes and gray gloves.

He Admires a Widow.

Dear Betty:

A FEW days ago I met a young widow whom I should very much like to meet again. Would you kindly tell me the best way to make engagements with ladies, being a bachelor who never bothered very much with girls. Would it be advisable to call on or write to the widow?

ADMIRER.

If you see the widow soon again ask her if you may call. If you think you are not likely to meet in the future, write her a note asking if you may call, as you would like to continue the acquaintance.

He Proposed.

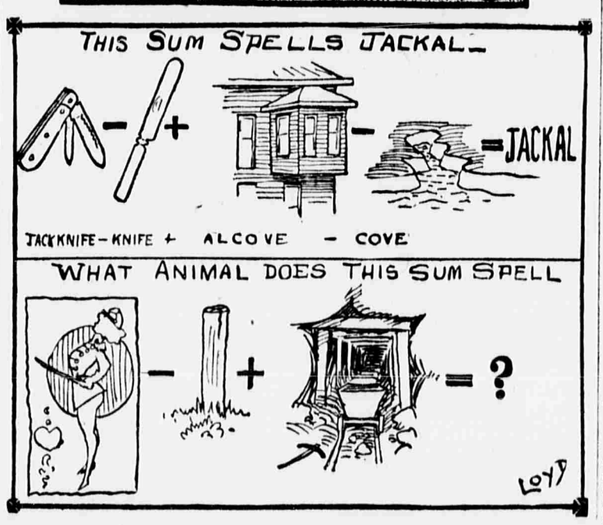
Dear Betty:

A YOUNG man of twenty-two has proposed to me. I am nineteen. I like this young man when he is away from me, but I just don't care for him when he is near me. What shall I do?

X. Y. Z.

Evidently absence makes your heart grow fonder, but if you don't care for the young man when he is with you I advise you not to accept him. Besides, you are entirely too young for matrimony.

Puzzle Sums



A Revelation of New York Society -:- THE YOUNGER SET -:- By Robert W. Chambers, Author of "The Firing Line" and "A Fighting Chance."

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

Capt. Philip Selwyn, whose wife Alixe had divorced him to marry Jack Ruthven, returns to New York to visit his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Gerard. The family consists of a ward, Eileen Erroll, and four children. Selwyn has left the army. Capt. Selwyn and Eileen ride together and pass the Captain's former wife, Alixe. He is overcome. Eileen is anxious to ask Selwyn about Alixe, but dare not. Selwyn meets George Fane. They go to the club, where Eileen's brother, Gerald Erroll, meets Selwyn. The latter endeavors to make the boy visit his sister oftener and to give up gambling. Selwyn and his former wife meet frequently in society.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

Under the Ashes.

"DEAR Capt. Selwyn,' she wheezed over the telephone, "I'm short one man, and we dine at 8 and it's that now. Could you help me? It's the rich and yellow, this time, but you won't mind, will you?"

Selwyn, standing at the lower telephone in the hall, asked her to hold the wire a moment, and glanced up at his sister, who was descending the stairs with Eileen, dinner having at that instant been announced.

"Mrs. T. West Minster—flying signals of distress," he said, carefully covering the transmitter as he spoke; "man overboard, and will I kindly take a turn at the wheel?"

"What a shame!" said Eileen; "you are going to spoil the first home dinner we have had together in weeks!"

"Tell her to get some yellow pup!" growled Austin, from above.

"As though anybody could get a yellow pup when they whistle," said Nina hopelessly.

"That's true," nodded Selwyn; "I'm the original old dog Tray. Whistle, and I come padding up. Ever faithful, you see."

And he uncovered the transmitter and explained to Mrs. T. West Minster his absurd delight at being whistled at. Then he sent for a cab and sauntered into the dining-room, where he was received in undisguised hostility.

"She's been civil to me," he said; "jeunesse oblige, you know. And that's why I"—

"There'll be a lot of debutantes there! What do you want to go for, you cradle robber!" protested Austin—"a lot of water-bibbing, olive-eating, talcum-powdered infants."

Eileen straightened up stiffly, and Selwyn's teasing smile and his offered hand in adieu completed her indignation.

"Oh, good-by! No, I won't shake hands. There's your cab now. I wish you'd take Austin, too; Nina and I are tired of dining with the prematurely aged."

"Indeed, we are," said Mrs. Gerard; "go to your club, Austin, and give me a chance to telephone to somebody under the anaesthetic age."

Selwyn departed, laughing, but he yawned in his cab all the way to Fifty-third street, where he entered in the wake of the usual laggards and, surrendering hat and coat in the cloak room, picked up the small, slim envelope bearing his name.

The card within disclosed the information that he was to take in Mrs. Somebody-or-Other; he made his way through a great many people, found his hostess, backed off, stood on one leg for a moment like a reflective water fowl, then found Mrs. Somebody-or-Other and was absently good to her through a great deal of noise and some Spanish music, which seemed to squirt through a thicket of palms and bespatter everybody.

"Wonderful music!" observed his dinner partner, with singular originality; "so like 'Carmen.'"

"Is it?" he replied, and took her away at a nod from his hostess, whose daughter Dorothy leaned forward from her partner's arm at the same moment and whispered: "I must speak to you, mamma! You can't put Capt. Selwyn here beecause"—

But her mother was deaf and smilingly sensitive about it, so she merely guessed what reply her child expected: "It's all settled, dear; Capt. Selwyn arrived a moment ago." And she closed the file.

It was already too late, anyhow, and presently, turning to see who was seated on his left, Selwyn found himself gazing into the calm, flushed face of Alixe Ruthven. It was their third encounter.

They exchanged a dazed nod of recognition, a meaningless murmur, and turned again, apparently undisturbed, to their respective dinner partners.

A great many curious eyes, lingering on them, shifted elsewhere, in reluctant disappointment.

As for the hostess, she had, for one instant, come as near to passing heavenward as she could without doing it when she discovered the situation. Then she accepted it with true humor. She could afford to. But her daughters, Sheila and Dorothy, suffered acutely, being of this year's output and martyrs to responsibility.

Meanwhile, Selwyn, grimly aware of an accident somewhere, and perfectly conscious of the feelings which must by this time dominate his hostess, was wondering how best to avoid anything that might resemble a situation.

Instead of two or three dozen small tables, scattered among the palms of the winter garden, their hostess had preferred to construct a great oval board around the aquarium. The arrangement made it a little easier for Selwyn and Mrs. Ruthven. He talked to his dinner partner until she began to respond in monosyllables, which closed each subject that he opened and wearied him as much as he was boring her. But Bradley Harmon, the man on her right, evidently had better fortune; and presently Selwyn found himself with nobody to talk to, which came as near to embarrassing him as anything could, and which so enraged his hostess that she struck his partner's name from her lists forever. People were already glancing at him askance in sly amusement or cold curiosity.

Then he did a thing which endeared him to Mrs. T. West Minster and to her two disconsolate children.

"Mrs. Ruthven," he said, very naturally and pleasantly, "I think perhaps we had better talk for a moment or two—if you don't mind."

She said quietly, "I don't mind," and turned with charming composure. Every eye shifted to them, then obeyed decency or training, and the slightest break in the gay tumult was closed up with chatter and laughter.

"Plucky," said Sandon Craig to his fair neighbor; "but by what chance did our unfortunate hostess do it?"

"She's usually doing it, isn't she? What occupies me," returned his partner, "is how on earth Alixe could have thrown away that adorable man for Jack Ruthven. Why, he is already trying to scramble into Rosamund Fane's lap—the horrid little poodle!—always curled up on the edge of your skirt!"

She stared at Mrs. Ruthven across the crystal reservoir brimming with rose and ivory tinted waterlilies.

"That girl is marked for destruction," she said slowly; "the gods have done their work already."

But whatever Alixe had been, whatever she now was, she showed to her little world only a pale brunette symmetry—a strange and changeless lustre, varying as little as the moon's phases; and like that burnt-out planet, reflecting any flame that flared until her clear, young beauty seemed pulsating with the promise of hidden fire.

Selwyn, outwardly amiable and formal, was saying in a low voice: "My dinner partner is quite impossible, you see; and I happen to be here as a filler in—commanded to the presence only a few minutes ago. It's a pardonable error; I bear no malice. But I'm sorry for you."

There was a silence; Alixe straightened her slim figure and turned; but young Innis, who had taken her in, had become confidential with Mrs. Fane. As for Selwyn's partner, she probably divined his conversational designs on her, but she merely turned her bare shoulder a trifle more unmistakably and continued her gossip with Bradley Harmon.

Alixe broke a tiny morsel from her bread, sensible of the tension.

"I suppose," she said, as though reciting to some new acquaintance an amusing bit of gossip—"that we are destined to this sort of thing occasionally and had better get used to it."

"I suppose so."

"Please," she added, after a pause, "aid me a little."

"I will if I can. What am I to say?"

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked, smiling; "it need not be very civil, you know—as long as nobody hears you."

To school his features for the deception of others, to school his voice and manner and at the same time look smilingly into the grave of his youth and hope called for the sort of self-command foreign to his character. Glancing at him under her smoothly fitted mask of amiability, she slowly grew afraid of the situation—but not of her ability to sustain her own part.

They exchanged a few meaningless phrases, then she resolutely took young Innis away from Rosamund Fane, leaving Selwyn to count the bubbles in his wine glass.

But in a few moments, whether by accident or deliberate design, Rosamund interfered again, and Mrs. Ruthven was confronted with the choice of a squabble for possession of young Innis, of conspicuous silence, or of resuming once more with Selwyn. And she chose the last resort.

"You are living in town?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes."

"Of course; I forgot. I met a man last night who said you had entered the firm of Neergard & Co."

"I have. Who was the man?"

"You can never guess, Captain Selwyn."

"I don't want to. Who was he?"

"Please don't terminate so abruptly the few subjects we have in reserve. We may be obliged to talk to each other for a number of minutes if Rosamund doesn't let us alone. * * * The man was 'Boots' Lansing."

"'Boots!' Here!"

"Arrived from Manila Sunday, Sans gene as usual, he introduced you as the subject, and told me—oh, dozens of things about you. I suppose he began inquiring for you before he crossed the troopers' gangplank; and somebody sent him to Neergard & Co. Haven't you seen him?"

"No," he said, staring at the brilliant fish which glided along the crystal tank goggling their eyes at the lights.

"You—you are living with the Gerards, I believe," she said carelessly.

"For a while."

"Oh, 'Boots' says that he is expecting to take an apartment with you somewhere."

"What! Has 'Boots' resigned?"

"So he says. He told me that you had resigned. I did not understand that; I imagined you were here on leave until I heard about Neergard & Co."

"Do you suppose I could have remained in the service?" he demanded. His voice was dry and almost accentless.

"Why not?" she returned, paling.

"You may answer that question more pleasantly than I can."

She usually avoided champagne; but she had to do something for herself now. As for him, he took what was offered without noticing what he took, and grew whiter and whiter; but a fixed glow gradually appeared and remained on her cheeks; courage, impatience, a sudden anger at the forced conditions steadied her nerves.

"Will you please prove equal to the situation?" she said under her breath, but with a charming smile. "Do you know you are scowling? These people here are ready to laugh; and I'd much prefer that they tear us to rags on suspicion of our over-friendliness."

"Who is that fool woman who is monopolizing your partner?"

"Rosamund Fane; she's doing it on purpose. You must try to smile now and then."

"My face is stiff with grinning," he said, "but I'll do what I can for you"—

"Please include yourself, too."

"Oh, I can stand their opinions," he said; "I only meet the yellow sort occasionally; I don't herd with them."

"I do, thank you."

"How do you like them? What is your opinion of the yellow set? Here they sit all about you—the Phoenix Mottlys, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes yonder, the Drymores, the Orchils, the Vendenning lady, the Lawns of Westlawn"—he paused, then deliberately—"and the 'Jack' Ruthvens. I forgot, Alixe, that you are now perfectly equipped to carry aloft the golden hod."

"Go on," she said, drawing a deep breath, but the fixed smile never altered.

"No," he said; "I can't talk. I thought I could, but I can't. Take that boy away from Mrs. Fane as soon as you can."

"I can't yet. You must go on. I ask your aid to carry this thing through. I—I am afraid of their ridicule. Could you try to help me a little?"

"If you put it that way, of course." And, after a silence, "What am I to say? What in God's name shall I say to you, Alixe?"

(To Be continued.)